

The most lamentable Tragedie

And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iulius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if shee winde you once,
Shee's with the Lion deeply still in league,
And luls him whilst shee plaieth on her back.
And when he sleepes, will she doe what she list.

You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northen winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And vvhether you leesson then, boy what say you?

Puer. I say my Lord that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Marcus. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Country done the like.

Puer. And Vnckle, so will I, and if I liue.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy

Shall carrie from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both:

Come, come, thoult doe thy message wilt thou not?

Puer. I with my dagger in theyr bosomes Grandfier.

Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,

Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,

Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,

of Titus Andronicus.

I marry will we fir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one doore, and
at another doore young *Lucius* and another, with a
bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chiron. *Demetrius*, here's the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greeete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Demet. Gramarcie louely *Lucius*, what the newes.

Puer. That you are both discipherd, thats the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfier well aduifde hath sent by me,

The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: Like bloody villaines. *Exit.*

Deme. What's here? a scrole, and written round about,
Lets see,

Integer vite scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.

Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace* I know it well,

G.